

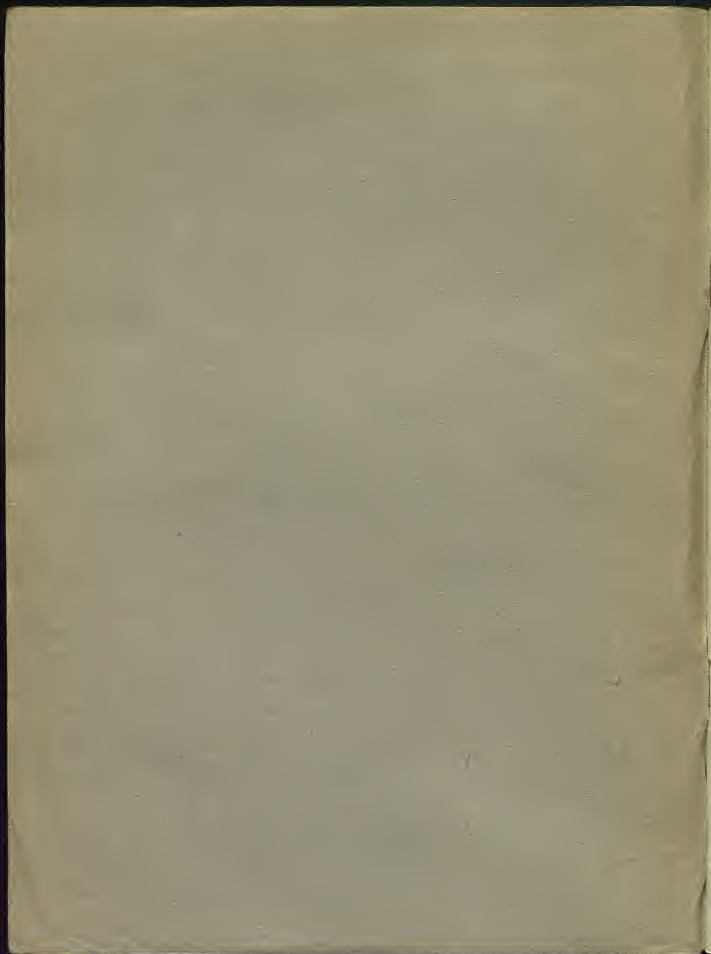
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

SOUTHAMPTON

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Type Format: M. J. S. DE VOIL and A. J. S. HARRISON.

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## NOTE

It is with extreme pleasure and gratitude that we publish the leading article, on the Tchaikovsky Symphonies, by MARTIN COOPER. Some of our readers will, no doubt, be familiar with his works on *Gluck* and *Bizet*; most will have read his articles in various periodicals. The Editorial Staff wishes most sincerely to thank Martin Cooper for writing this essay for the Magazine.

## TCHAIKOVSKY: THE HISTORY OF THE SYMPHONIES

MARTIN COOPER (Author of "Gluck," "Bizet," etc.)

The First Symphony was one of Tchaikovsky's first works as a professional musician. In 1859 he had finished his education and become what we should call a very minor civil servant—first class clerk in the Ministry of Justice. He was having pianoforte lessons still, and had joined Lomakin's choral class; he even improvised waltzes and polkas. But it was not until he began to study theory at the Russian Musical Society in St. Petersburg and had made considerable advance that he dared to envisage throwing up his safe, if modest, means of livelihood and devoting himself entirely to music. Anton Rubinstein procured him some private teaching, and his own father provided him with board and lodging, while he went on with his musical studies—harmony, counterpoint and the church modes with Zarembo, composition and instrumentation with Anton Rubinstein. In 1866, Nicholas Rubinstein, Anton's brother, started the Moscow Conservatoire and he at once offered Tchaikovsky the Professorship of Harmony. It was a great honour for a young man of twenty-six, and though the pay was poor and Nicholas Rubinstein (with whom he now lodged) not an easy man to live with, Tchaikovsky must have felt that his decision to devote himself entirely to music was now completely justified. The appointment was a fillip to his self-esteem and in his enthusiasm he set to work to compose his first symphony. He was lonely in Moscow and certainly overworked. He hankered for the country, and the nervous fears and troubles which were to haunt him all his life and form the background of much that is most characteristic of his music, soon began to get the better of him. At the end of April he was writing to his brother:

"My nerves are completely out of order. Reasons: (1) the symphony, which does not sound right. (2) Rubinstein and Tarnovsky having noticed that I am easily startled, tease me all day long by devising different manner of shocks for me. (3) The persistent conviction that I shall die soon, before I ever have time to finish the symphony."

By the end of June his nervous symptoms had become really alarming and, for the first but by no means the last time, he was ordered by his doctor to "rest and stop writing music." A summer with his family in the country restored him. He finished the symphony and sent it off to St. Petersburg for the criticism of his old masters, Anton Rubinstein and Zarembo: they were not satisfied with it and insisted on a number of changes before they consented to give it a performance, and then only the two middle movements were played. It was not until February, 1868, that the whole work was performed, in its original form, in Moscow, and there it had an immediate success. This was natural enough, for the music has the lightness and elegance which were the qualities most admired by the public in foreign music, and yet there is an indefinable Russianness about it—the themes particularly, and the orchestral colouring, evoking skilfully the vague programme which is suggested by the title, "Winter Daydreams."

The Second Symphony was written in 1872, five years after the first, and performed in Moscow in 1873. During these five years Tchaikovsky had developed considerably. He had written his first string quartet, the *Romeo and Juliet* overture, and three unsuccessful operas. He had also made the acquaintance of the Great Five, whose initial antagonism he had thawed by an article written to defend Rimsky-Korsakov. The summers had been spent largely at Kamenka, his married sister's house in the Ukraine, and there he could relax amongst friends and relations with whom he did not feel obliged to hide his feelings or wear the mask of convention, which he found so irksome in Moscow. His love of the country, which had already inspired much of the music of the first symphony, seemed to grow stronger the more plain it became that most of his life would have to be spent either in Moscow or travelling abroad. It was partly an inborn feeling for nature, especially for the wide, expansive plains of Southern Russia with their fertile flatness stretching to the horizon hardly broken by more than a few hillocks, but chequered with quiet woods and streams. Partly it was the craving of a sick, overstrung temperament for quiet, for solitude and peace, in which to recover enough strength to face what Tchaikovsky always felt to be the unequal battle with life. Without those long summers in the depths of the country he could not have survived the wear and tear of life in a large town, the teaching and composing, the business with publishers, the social round and the nagging emotional crises which so completely exhausted him. The second symphony was the fruit of these summer *villegiatures*, and it is still innocent of the taut, emotional atmosphere which was soon to become typical of Tchaikovsky's music. Written round a number of Little Russian folk-songs such as Tchaikovsky may well have heard the peasants singing at Kamenka, it breathes the air of the Russian countryside. It is an advance, technically, on the first symphony. The style is more individual, the writing is more practised, the colours are brighter and more surely applied: but its melancholy is natural and contented, almost happy, and there is none of the hysterical violence, which was soon to seize on Tchaikovsky whenever he tried to plumb the depths of his own personality. For that, and nothing else, was the *raison d'être* of all Tchaikovsky's music. He put all his ever increasing technical skill and experience, all his purely musical faculties at the service of his unquiet emotions, so that it is really impossible to speak, in any but the narrowest sense, of his musical development, without taking into consideration the course of his emotional life. Emotional maturity he was never to know: but external circumstances were soon to force him into facing the profound gulf of misery which separated him from his fellow men. The three symphonies written before that experience are immature simply for that reason: that Tchaikovsky's life of genius was before all else emotional, and until his abortive marriage in 1877 he had not faced his own emotions nor really accepted the full implications of their nature. It is one thing to admit to oneself that one's emotions are by their very nature doomed to frustration, and quite another to learn this by experience, to "know" it with one's whole soul and feel the full bitterness of that truth permeate one's whole being. That experience Tchaikovsky was to know: and for that heart-breaking realisation he was to find expression. But until then he could not really find that individual voice with which he was destined to charm the world, and find at least some relief from his misery.

Tchaikovsky was a hard worker, and that was his salvation. Without the perpetual stimulus of composition he might only too easily have become a nervous hypochondriac, obsessed by his own unhappiness and abnormality. But in his music he found exactly what was needed, an emotional outlet and a severe technical discipline, which absorbed all his energies for a very considerable part of each day. It was fortunate that he was obliged to earn his own living during these early years, and the various pieces of hack-work, (four-hand ar-

rangements, pot-boiler pianoforte pieces and the like), were all experience which gave him by degrees a technical facility, of which his late start as a professional musician might have deprived him. Not all these compositions have survived intact but Tchaikovsky often made use of fragments of them in other works. Thus, the scherzo of the first symphony he took in toto from an early pianoforte sonata in A minor, merely transposing it from C sharp minor to C minor; and the march from the second symphony originally appeared as a wedding march in the opera *Undine*, the score of which he destroyed in 1873. After the second symphony Tchaikovsky set to work on his *Tempest* music, a second string quartet, another opera and his first pianoforte concerto. The concerto was originally dedicated to Nicholas Rubinstein but after the latter had expressed violent disapproval of the work Tchaikovsky dedicated it to Hans von Bulow. It was with this work that Tchaikovsky first made his name outside Russia, and from now on he had a German champion in von Bülow. During the same year (1874), he started work on his third symphony, which was finally performed in Moscow during the November of 1875. Musically it is a disappointment after the promise of the second. Conventionally it is often described as a "reaction" from the more distinctively Russian second symphony, and compared with Schumann: but in actual fact the third symphony is as unmistakably Russian as the second, although Tchaikovsky did not include any folk-songs among his material. For "Russianness" is not confined to the use of specifically Russian themes, but is a more pervasive, less definite quality which characterised Tchaikovsky the man and is therefore never absent from anything he writes. A chameleon he was, as are most sensitive and weak-willed people, and he reacted either strongly or not at all to every experience in his life, musical or otherwise. The disappointing quality of the third symphony is not its dependence on "Western" models, its lack of specifically Russian characteristics, but rather its low emotional temperature. When he wrote it Tchaikovsky was comparatively happy; he was beginning to be a success, and he had many good friends, who accepted him as one of themselves, knew—he was sure—nothing of his unhappy emotional life, and by their friendship and appreciation did to a great extent counterbalance that unhappiness. The third symphony is the expression of this surface contentment. Technically it is an advance on the other two. Tchaikovsky has acquired more ease and more self-confidence in the handling of his material, his palette is richer, his inventiveness covers a wider range: but he had reached a stage in his development when he was either to remain a good second-class composer of charming and decorative music, or else he must find his real self, come to some terms with his inmost and deepest emotions and learn to transmute those emotions into music. A smaller man might easily have continued as he was, refusing ever to face his real self, and writing with his surface personality, music which would charm and please himself and his friends, but would never penetrate beneath the surface, never give expression to the profound and bitter unhappiness on on which his whole life rested. It was probably Tchaikovsky's conscious desire never to make this awful leap. Certainly from his letters we can see that he was determined, desperately determined, that his real self, his intimate emotions, should never become public property: whether or not he had gauged the effect of this double life on his music it is hard to say, but as he was a creature of emotion and impulse primarily, and only occasionally made a brave effort to argue things out to himself, it is more than likely that he had never considered that aspect of his troubles. Fortunately for the world the matter was taken out of his hands, or rather his very zeal for secrecy for keeping up appearances and conforming to social conventions, achieved the exact opposite. He decided to get married, in the abstract, and—fortunately again for the world, but most unfortunately as it must have seemed to Tchaikovsky—a very concrete candidate soon appeared in Antonina Miliukov. Her character does not really concern us: it was probably shoddy, certainly petty, and only a little less neurotic than that of her husband. But only very shortly before her appearance another figure, of far more intrinsic interest, had come into Tchaikovsky's life. This was Nadejda von Meck, who was to be his good angel, his patroness and his "ferne Geliebte," always sympathetic, yet never intruding herself, present always in spirit but never in person. The marriage with Antonina Miliukov took place, and almost immediately the crisis was precipitated. On July 18th, 1877, Tchaikovsky was married, and by October he had tried to commit suicide and been forcibly removed, rescued by his brother Modest, who took him—as soon as he was able to travel, for he was very seriously ill—to Berlin and from there to Switzerland. It was during the second half of 1877, when his marriage was in the air, and during his convalescence as a refugee in Switzerland and Italy after the fiasco, that Tchaikovsky wrote his fourth symphony; the symphony which was peculiarly Nadejda von Meck's, "our symphony" as he always called it in his letters to her. Nothing but some major emotional experience could account for the difference between this and the third, which was only written three years earlier. In the fourth symphony Tchaikovsky is no longer simply a charming colourist. The emotion, which was veiled and sometimes gauche in the first two symphonies, almost absent in the third, is from now onwards stark, violent and hysterical in every major work, and in none more noticeably than in the three symphonies which were to come. Tchaikovsky seems to have felt some deep sense of relief and liberation which untied his tongue and enabled him to recognise and find expression for those emotions which it had hitherto been his most jealous care to conceal. The failure of his marriage after so short an interval, and in such spectacular circumstances, made complete secrecy impossible and the knowledge that the world at large at least guessed his secret made that secret the more intolerable, so intolerable that he never again wrote from the depths of his being without uttering a cry of despair, of frustration and bitterness so violent and hysterical that it could never have been conceived by any completely sane man, by anyone but a sensitive man who knew that he carried in him, but could never reveal wholly and naturally, what must seem to him irrefutable proof of the ultimate cruelty and injustice of human life.

These personal and psychological tortures Tchaikovsky tried to rationalise. In two letters to Nadejda von Meck, written early in the December of 1877, he writes of his attitude to religion and the relationship he felt between his own music and the religious impulse.

"I think you are in accord with my music because I too am filled with yearning for the ideal. We swim on the shoreless sea of scepticism, looking for a harbour we never find."  
and two days later, also from Vienna:

"I feel quite differently from you about the church. For me it has kept much of its poetic appeal. . . . To go on Saturday to some small ancient church . . . to meditate, searching an answer to the eternal questions—Why, When, Where, and To What End . . . to feel oneself overflowing with quiet ecstasy



when the Royal Doors open and 'Glorify the Lord from heaven!' resounds—I love it all, and it is one of my greatest joys."

This is a confession of emotionalism, pure and simple. "To abandon oneself," "to feel oneself overflowing"—it is the language of passivity; and Tchaikovsky never achieved anything even approaching a religious creed. Of the general emotional scheme which lay behind the fourth symphony he has left an account in a letter to Nadejda von Meck:

"Our symphony has a programme definite enough to be expressed in words: to you alone I want to tell—and can tell—the meaning of the work as a whole and in part. You will understand I attempt to do so along general lines. The Introduction is the germ of the entire symphony, the idea upon which all else depends:

"This is 'Fatum,' the inexorable force that prevents our hopes of happiness from being realised, that watches jealously lest our felicity should become full and unclouded—it is Damocles' sword, hanging over the head in constant, unremitting spiritual torment. It is unconquerable, inescapable. Nothing remains but to submit to what seems useless unhappiness:

"Despair and discontent grow stronger, sharper. Would it not be wiser to turn from reality and sink into dreams?

"Oh! joy, at last the sweet and tender dream appears! Some bright, clear, human image passes, beckoning me on:

"How delicious and how remote, now, the distressing first theme of the Allegro. Little by little dreams possess the soul. Forgotten are sadness and despair. Happiness is here! But no, this was only a dream and 'Fatum' awakes us:

"So life itself is a persistent alternation of hard reality with evanescent dreams and clutchings at happiness. There is no haven. Sail on that sea until it encompass you and drown you in its depths. This, approximately is the programme of the first movement.

"The second movement expresses another phase of suffering. It is the melancholy that comes in evening when we sit, alone and weary of work, and we try to read, but the book falls from our hands. Memories crowd upon us. How sweet these recollections of youth, yet how sad to realise they are gone for ever. One regrets the past, yet one would not begin life anew, one is too weary. It is easier to be passive and to look back. One remembers many things—happy moments when the young blood ran hot and life fulfilled all our desire. There were hard times too, irreparable losses, but they are very far away. It is sad and somehow sweet to sink thus into the past.

"The third movement expresses no definite feelings, rather it is a series of capricious arabesques, those intangible images that pass through the mind when one has drunk wine and feels the first touch of intoxication. The soul is neither gay nor sad. The mind is empty, the imagination has free rein and has begun, one knows not why, to draw strange designs. Suddenly the picture of a drunken peasant comes into one's mind, a brief street song is heard. Far off a military procession passes. The pictures are disconnected, like those which float through the mind when one is falling asleep. They are out of touch with reality; they are wild and strange.

"The fourth movement: If you truly find no joy within yourself, look for it in others. Go to the people. See—they know how to make the best of their time, how to give themselves up to pleasure. A peasant festival is depicted. No sooner do you forget yourself in His spectacle of others' joy than the merciless 'Fatum' reappears to remind you of yourself. But the others are indifferent to you; they do not so much as turn their heads towards your loneliness and sadness. Oh! how gay they are! And how fortunate to be ruled by such simple, immediate feelings! Here one sees the existence of simple, deep joys: enter into them and life will be bearable."

I have quoted this letter at length because it is revealing; it speaks for more than this single composition of Tchaikovsky's. In a sense "Fatum" is the "germ of the entire symphony" in both the symphonies which followed this. The "programme" is the same—with Reality as the first subject and Escape as the second; and the forms of escape are varied and elaborated in the other movements, but with the "sword of Damocles" hanging more and more visibly over the whole work, making the gloom more real and urgent and the escape more hectic and hysterical. "There is no haven. Sail on that sea until it encompass you and drown you in its depths."

The fourth symphony was performed in Moscow on February 10th, 1878. Tchaikovsky was in Italy, finishing the score of *Eugene Onegin*, but opinions of the work reached him and they were not all as deliriously enthusiastic as Nadejda von Meck's. Tancieff wrote particularly critically, only really praising the scherzo and complaining that he was haunted by memories of the ballet and ballet music throughout the work. Tchaikovsky defended himself, and ballet music, although he did not admit the relevance of that particular criticism. He admitted that the symphony was "programmatic" and claimed that the same vague charge could be made against Beethoven's Fifth Symphony—a reasonable answer, which got neither Tancieff nor Tchaikovsky any further.

In the autumn of 1878 Tchaikovsky returned to Moscow, but he found it impossible to settle down to his work at the Conservatoire. He wrote to Nadejda von Meck and she tentatively offered to give him an allowance, which would set him free from the necessity of earning his living and permit him to give all his time to composition. The offer was accepted, but it was to be almost ten years before Tchaikovsky wrote another symphony, and during those ten years he had achieved a European reputation. During the first two months of 1880 he revised the second symphony, leaving only the Introduction and the March quite unaltered: but, although we have no score of the original version, it is clear that Tchaikovsky's alterations did not affect the musical content of the work. They were rather changes in orchestration and layout of material, not a complete re-writing of the work, which would have necessitated a complete thinking of himself back the seven years which he knew to have been so eventful for him as an artist:—

"Rome. Tuesday, Dec. 30th, 1879.

"To-day I set out to remodel my Second Symphony. It went so well that before lunch I made a rough draft of nearly half the first movement."

By the middle of February he had finished his work on the second symphony and started on a new work, the *Capriccio* for orchestra.

The fifth symphony was written in two months during the summer of 1888, at Frolovskoe, the house in the country which he had been able to take, thanks to Nadejda von Meck's allowance. For although his works were being acclaimed in every capital of Western Europe, and he was perpetually forced to make concert tours which utterly exhausted him, the money which all this honour brought him was not enough to counterbalance his extreme generosity and his financial incompetence. In June he was hard at work, anxious but hopeful, and he wrote to his patroness:—

"I want terribly to prove not only to others but to myself that I am not yet played out. Very often doubt seizes me and I ask myself: isn't it time to stop writing music, haven't I overstrained my imagination, hasn't the wellspring itself dried up? ... I don't remember if I told you that I have decided to write a symphony. When I began it composition came hard, but now it looks as if inspiration had come. ... We shall see."

In November Tchaikovsky conducted the first performance of the new symphony in St. Petersburg, and perhaps for this reason (he was an appallingly nervous conductor)—it met with an indifferent reception. In December he wrote to Nadejda von Meck:—

"Having played my symphony twice in St. Petersburg and once in Prague, I have come to the conclusion that it is a failure. There is something repellent in it, some over-exaggerated colour, some insincerity or fabrication which the public instinctively recognises. It was clear to me that the applause and ovations referred not to this, but to other works of mine, and that the symphony itself will never please the public. All this causes a deep dissatisfaction with myself. It is possible that I have, as people say, written myself out and that nothing remains but for me to repeat and imitate myself. Yesterday evening I glanced over the fourth symphony, *our* symphony. How superior to this one, how much better it is!"

"The symphony itself will never please the public"—Tchaikovsky's prophecy could hardly have been further from the truth. Exaggerated colour we may well admit; but if the colours of the fifth symphony are exaggerated, then Tchaikovsky's whole use of colour must be called in question in all his major orchestral works. The third movement is subdued and its charm is the charm of a facile melody which has been endowed with the vague melancholy, the pleasant nostalgia, of so many of Tchaikovsky's waltzes, those waltzes in which he so often sought a momentary escape from "Fatum." But the other movements, and especially the second, are shameless in their frank appeal to the emotions. Every artifice of instrumentation seems directed straight to the softest spot in the listener's heart; to that universal potentiality for self-pity, which seems to characterise all creation. The horns sob, the strings palpitate, the clarinet murmurs sympathy and the oboe points with a sigh to the heaven of happiness which is not for us. Only the sternest of us is quite immune from a taste for this luxury: many are ashamed of it—and they are perhaps right—but the vast majority frankly enjoy it, shed a tear for their own unjust misfortunes and are ready, not seriously weakened by their moment of self-indulgence, to take up their lives again and find them not all too unhappy. There is more true tragedy in the first movement, where "Fatum" meets with a violent, impassioned protest before it finally engulfs the human soul: for that, as it seems to me, is the right reading of the "programme" worked out between the impersonal, inexorable rhythm of the first subject and the gasping, despairing cries of the second. There are many criticisms which might be made, and have been made of such music, but that "the symphony itself will never please the public" was the very last criticism possible.

Nine months after the first performance of the fifth symphony Tchaikovsky had the second great shock of his life, a life in which every slight contretemps was always liable to assume the proportions of a major tragedy. The first dealt him by Antonina Miliukov had never really touched his affections. His marriage had merely precipitated his own personal crisis; it had revealed him to himself, and closed the door on all possible subterfuges or attempts to deny his own nature. He never felt love or even affection for his wife. The only woman, beside his sister Alexandra Davydov, who played any part in his emotional life was Nadejda von Meck. To her he had revealed a great part of himself, on her sympathy and encouragement he relied, on her understanding he knew he could always count. The second blow was dealt by her. In September, 1890, Tchaikovsky was staying in Tiflis with his brother, when he received a letter from Nadejda von Meck in which she said that her fortune was on the brink of collapse, and that she could not continue her allowance to him. That in itself was not worrying: she had often had financial scares before and even if this one were genuine Tchaikovsky would certainly not starve. What perplexed him was the strange, forced tone of the whole letter, and, most of all, the final words: "Do not forget, and think of me sometimes," she wrote, as though this were the end of their relationship and their ways were finally parting. Back in Moscow he discovered that there was absolutely nothing amiss with the von Meck, fortune, and at once all his anxieties and horrors returned. He imagined that she had never really loved him but only his music, and that now she was tired of that too, merely inventing an excuse to get rid of him out of her life. Actually nothing could be further from the truth. Nadejda von Meck was merely bitterly unhappy and very ill. She was consumptive herself and now her adored son, Vladimir, was slowly dying in front of her eyes: dying of a disease which the doctors could not cure, and in her misery she accused herself of having neglected him, of having lived entirely for Tchaikovsky and his music and forgotten the claims of her own child. Her break with Tchaikovsky was merely a self-inflicted punishment, due to a crisis of scrupulosity: but only her own illness can explain the fact that she never seemed to realise the awfulness of the blow she was inflicting on him. Yet Tchaikovsky was not bitter about her: he was merely completely stunned. "My faith in people, all my trust in the world is turned upside down," he wrote. But without intimacy he could not exist. For the two remaining years of his life Nadejda von Meck's place was filled by his nephew Bob Davydov, the son of his sister Alexandra. It was to him that Tchaikovsky confided all his plans and some, at least, of his feelings. It was a poor exchange, for Davydov was a weak, neurotic young man, with all the charm but none of the resilience of the family. It was to him that Tchaikovsky first mentioned his plans for the sixth symphony, in a letter of February 23rd, 1893:—

"I want to tell you how contented I feel about my work. You know that I destroyed a partly composed, partly orchestrated symphony I wrote last autumn. It was the right thing to do, because there was little good in the thing—an empty play of sound without real inspiration. On the way to Paris last



December the idea for a new symphony came to me, this time a symphony with a programme, but a programme that will remain an enigma to all. Let them guess for themselves: the symphony will merely be called Programmatic Symphony (6). But the programme is indeed permeated with subjectiveness, so much so that not once but often, while composing it in my mind during my journey, I shed tears. As soon as I got home I began to write out the sketches, and it went so quickly and eagerly that in less than four days the first movement was done, and all the rest clearly outlined in my head. Half of the third movement is ready. Its form will contain much that is new: for instance, the finale will not be a noisy allegro but on the contrary a quite long adagio. You cannot imagine the joy it gives me to know that my day is not yet done and that I am still capable of work."

In May Tchaikovsky went to England, where he conducted a performance of the fourth symphony in London, and was given an Honorary Doctorate of Music at Cambridge, in the company of Saint-Saens, Grieg, Boito and Max Bruch. By August he was back in his own house in the country, working on his symphony, pleased with all but the orchestration, which he found unusually difficult. On August 24th it was finished and Tchaikovsky could write:—

"On my word of honour, I have never in my life been so satisfied with myself, so proud, so happy to know that I have made, in truest fact, a good thing."

The first performance was booked for October 28th in St. Petersburg. A week beforehand Tchaikovsky left Moscow to attend the rehearsals. He was depressed by the apparent lack of enthusiasm in the players, and never quite convinced of the success of the last movement; but of the other three he was absolutely certain that they were the best things he had ever done. The actual performance was not a great success, probably—as in the case of the fifth symphony—because Tchaikovsky conducted. It was only on a chance suggestion of his brother, Modest's, the day after the concert, that he decided to give the symphony the title of *Pathétique*. This title, coupled with the nature of the music, and Tchaikovsky's hints that the work had a programme which he would not reveal, gave rise to the legend that his death only a week after the first performance, was due to suicide. To drink a single glass of tap water in St. Petersburg in November was certainly rash, but that Tchaikovsky should have chosen, if indeed he did mean to kill himself, to die of cholera, the very disease of which his own mother had died, and of which he had such a horror, is fantastically improbable, even if all the evidence did not point to an accident rather than to suicide. The sixth symphony has been considered Tchaikovsky's own requiem, consciously planned according to those who accept the theory of his suicide: but it is possible, without accepting that hypothesis, to believe that the programme of the symphony, which he refused to reveal, was indeed somehow concerned with death, or with the prospect of death as it presents itself to the unbelieving soul. This is the last, the most desperate of the struggles between "Fatum" and Escape: only this time there is no escape, but rather a voluptuous yielding to the inevitable. It is in the first subject of the first movement that the soul revolts: in the second, which dominates the movement after it has once appeared, the struggle is abandoned and Tchaikovsky seems to say with Leopardi:—

"E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare."

This is the mood of the last movement, though the spirit is still aware of the infinite tragedy, the pointless frustration of what has been its life. The broken valse rhythm of the second movement brings back, with a flood of nostalgia, the memories of the happy past, but even they are drowned by the throbbing heart-beats of the trio. The march, which ought conventionally to have been the last movement, and was almost certainly shifted for the sake of the mysterious programme, is an epitome of the power and the glory, the splendour and magnificence of the world, of the life which is ebbing and finally gives way to the ecstatic gloom of the adagio. "There is no haven," Tchaikovsky had written to Nadejda von Meck. "Sail on that sea until it encompass you and drown you in its depths."

## THE ART OF RICHARD JEFFERIES

K. H. FRANCIS

"I lived in looking"—so Jefferies himself concisely sums up his attitude to life and to art. Observation of things seen and felt, a record of impressions carelessly strung together with little regard for form or phrase: can such apparently complete and utter carelessness be indeed honoured by the term "art"? Yet as one reads his essays or his novels, again and again the impelling presence of real genius can be felt, for Jefferies unmistakably had flashes of genius, momentary glimpses of some ultimate reality behind nature, in the face of which he is inarticulate, momentary convulsions of intense spiritual aspiration, of longing for fuller "soul-life," as he calls it. For most people, however, Jefferies will doubtless remain the author of a handful of charmingly descriptive nature essays, and of that beautiful poetic idyll "Amaryllys at the Fair." Admittedly, these works alone would entitle him to an important place in literature, but unless his greatest work—"The Story of My Heart"—is taken into consideration, he cannot possibly be seen in true perspective.

Jefferies is one of the most self-revealing writers. A large proportion of his work is autobiographical, and it is fortunate that such is the case, since he is thus given full opportunity to portray something he knows and has clearly observed—himself, and his immediate environment. All his best work has this intensely personal strain: "Bevis" is a recollection of his youth and his first spiritual experiences, "Amaryllys at the Fair" a picture of his own background and of his own parents, while "The Story of My Heart" tells of the development of his soul.

Even a book as obviously fictitious as "After London" has a reflection of the character of Jefferies himself in that of Felix Aquila. "After London" is the one work of Jefferies' mature period that is full of conscious effort, and hence is less successful than those in which his thoughts lead him naturally from one subject to another. The novel clearly is not for him his most congenial framework, and "Amaryliss," although generally regarded as a novel, is a success precisely because it is so static, being a loosely connected series of stills upon which Jefferies has lavished his full powers of description.

The secret of Jefferies' art is that it is so spontaneous, but its spontaneity at the same time causes its greatest weakness. His style, even in his last and best books, is disordered, diffuse, and one might almost say clumsy. But his enthusiasm, his obvious delight in the simple things he is describing, a delight which is almost akin to childlike wonder, exonerate him every time. Balance is not to be found in Jefferies, nor subtle shades of meaning, nor rigorous self-discipline in condensation of phrase: seldom was there a more forthright, a more artless writer. There are, however, moments of real inspiration, when Jefferies seems to forget himself, and subconsciously writes prose of perfect proportions. The "Story of My Heart," a work meditated for seventeen years, is full of such moments: read the ecstatic first two chapters—the words themselves are not in any way unusual, but the effect obtained by continuous reading is one of perfect mastery of language. A short quotation will show the remarkably rich effect he produces from ordinary words: "I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depths, inhaling the exquisite colour and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul towards it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart. . . . Colour and form and light are as magic to me."

Constantly, in reading Jefferies, and this work in particular, one is reminded of the poet Whitman, whose love of life and nature was equally intense. Whitman too had that curiously warped pantheistic philosophy which Jefferies reveals so blatantly in "The Story of My Heart." There is, moreover, a certain stylistic similarity between them, neither caring much for polish or for calculated effect. Several quite striking parallels exist between this work and the "Leaves of Grass": I do not know if Jefferies was an enthusiastic reader of Whitman—I should be grateful if someone could elucidate this point for me—and in any case I am not making an accusation of plagiarism, but their whole approach to their art is so similar, from their tendency to make catalogues to their search for the truth behind natural phenomena.

Jefferies is something of an ornithologist, zoologist and botanist, but he is none of these in a scientific way. His colossal powers of observation have given him a far greater knowledge of wild life than he could have acquired from the study of facts in text-books on these subjects. The recently published selection of his essays, entitled "Jefferies' England" gives extracts from his hitherto unpublished notebooks: the entries are often very cryptic, but some minute observation is made on each occasion. Actually it reads from time to time like a meteorologist's log or an ornithologist's notebook, but there is one curious and intriguing entry for December 31st, 1881: "What the nineteenth century wants is an authentic Ghost." This might indeed have furnished material for a future essay, and it is tantalising to think that such an original and extraordinary thought was never expanded into something more tangible than a mere jotting in a notebook.

The essays themselves contain the real Jefferies; here he can give free rein to his ideas, and is quite unfettered by the exigencies of plot, character development and all the usual devices of he novel. He does not only write of the country, although here he is most at home: London had as strong an attraction for him as New York for Whitman (again the amazing similarity). "After London," the work of an embittered and sick man, has struck some critics as being a revenge against the civilisation he mentally associated with his illness, but passages in "The Story of My Heart," in particular chapters five and six, prove that he had a real affection for this other kind of life, to which he at first was so unaccustomed. His nature essays are in reality lengthy poems in prose, and his "Pageant of Summer," which is an absolute riot of colour and full of the minutest detail, is unmistakably the greatest. In it he gives expression to one of his most characteristic ideas: "To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of nature." This essay thus ranges from apparent trivialities to a pronouncement upon the eternal and the absolute: so many of his lesser essays are content to stop short at the former, and not seek the ultimate reality lurking behind the ephemeral.

Jefferies, therefore, is a philosopher, and an epicurean at that. Declaring war upon asceticism, which he regards as criminal, he revels in all manner of sensuous things and yet

retains perfect temperance and chastity. Fully convinced of the existence of his soul, he is nevertheless uncertain as to its immortality: "At least while I am living I have enjoyed the idea of immortality, and the idea of my own soul. If, then, after death I am resolved without exception into earth, air and water, and the spirit goes out like a flame, still I shall have had the glory of that thought."

An optimist then, and a revolutionary, to the reading public of the 1880's. But in spite of the extremely harsh criticism levelled against him in his life time he has gradually come to be recognised as the greatest of English poet-naturalists, worthy of comparison with Thoreau. Sensitive as he was to things of nature, he was doomed to experience certain emotions of the soul, which he could find no word adequately to express, however valiantly he strove to mount towards that fuller soul-life of which he speaks so longingly in "The Story of My Heart". Jefferies was a great man with a great soul, and although his books may often fail to do him full justice, there is so much beauty in them that its first discovery is literally breath-taking.

## NOTES ON THE TAROT PACK.

A. J. S. HARRISON. Illustrations by M. J. S. DE VOIL.

"I am not familiar with the exact constitution of the Tarot pack of cards, from which I have obviously departed to suit my own convenience"

T. S. ELIOT, *Notes to the "Waste Land"*.

The Tarot forms the major mystical heritage of the Bohemian Gypsies, who are enabled to prophesy through its magical qualities. It is composed of 78 cards, divided into two groups: the minor arcana, of four series of 14 cards each, and the major arcana comprising 22 cards of which one is unnumbered. Each of these packets is comparable with a suit in our modern pack.

The major arcana gives only part of the fortune telling qualities of the cards, but these picture cards can form an entity, and there is a definite significance attached to each one. The names of them, and the probable significance of each are listed below:

The Juggler	Male Enquirer
The High Priestess	Female Enquirer
The Empress	Action; initiative
The Emperor	Will
The Pope	Inspiration
The Lovers	Love
The Chariot	Triumph
Justice	Justice
The Hermit	Prudence
The Wheel of Fortune	Fortune
Strength	Strength
The Hanged Man	Trials: sacrifice
Death	Death
Temperance	Temperance
The Devil	Immense Force; illness
The Lightning Struck Tower	Ruin: intrigue: deception
The Stars	Hope
The Moon	Danger: concealed enmity
The Sun	Material happiness
The Judgement	Change of position
The Foolish Man	Rash actions: Insanity
The Universe	Assured success

It may be seen that the first seven cards refer to the intellectual nature of Man: the second seven to his moral nature, and the final section refer to his material prosperity. However, in the practice of predicting the future by the use of Tarot, more is required than a knowledge of the constitution of the pack. There is involved an immensely complex system of arrangement, which is related to the motion of the Universe, and also to various permutations of the Hebrew word *Yod-he-vau-he*, whose correct pronunciation would, according to an ancient oral tradition,

give the key to all the sciences, both divine and human. But from the brief summary given a general sense of the meaning of the cards can be abstracted.

Apart from the divining uses of Tarot, which have aroused considerable interest in many modern writers, there is also an highly developed symbolism inherent in the pattern of the cards. First, considering the minor arcana, the four sets are distinguished by symbols comparable with the "Diamonds," "Spades," "Hearts," and "Clubs" of the modern pack. They are: "The Sceptres," representing *Advance and Glory*; "The Cups," representing *Love and Happiness*; "The Swords," representing *Hatred and Misfortune* and, finally, "The Pentacles," representing *Money and Interest*. In the major arcana these symbols, with many others, are repeated, and by their position on the card convey particular significances. For instance, the first card of the Tarot shows "The Juggler," whose head-dress is the infinity sign, revealing Man as part of Universal and Eternal Life, standing upon the earth confronted with a table upon which lie scattered the four symbols; in the left hand (symbol of weakness and inadequacy ?) is held a wand. It is implied that man, who has contact with the Divine, and with the Earthly (possibly the diabolical ?) must use his will to order his destiny. The predominance of the Divine will, of Harmony, is indicated in the final card, where derived symbols are arranged in the form of a cross, that is in peaceful symmetry.

The "Hanged Man," to which Eliot makes particular reference, as also does Lawrence Durrell in "A Private Country," is once more "The Juggler." He is suspended between two trees, each having six stumps, which together represent the signs of the Zodiac. Thus we see Man caught between two possibilities, and once more in the need of Will to decide between them. In his decision he may have to make sacrifices, for the issue affected is spiritual, and not material. (Eliot, in "The Waste Land," seems to have been inferring the prophetic meaning, rather than the direct symbolism.

" . . . I do not find  
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water."

Surely he implies that there is lacking the spirit of sacrifice necessary for the overcoming of the trials, which lie ahead. This gives a greater significance to the connection between the particular passage in Section 1 of the "Waste Land" and Section 4.)

The "Wheel of Chance" (again referred to by Eliot) is the tenth card of the major arcana. It indicates the supremacy of time, as it shows symbols of good and of evil rising and falling with the rotation of the wheel; there is no permanency in Man's environment. Also it symbolises the permanent nature of time in the configuration of the circle, which is endless.

This brief investigation of the nature of the Tarot pack is sufficient to show how immensely complex is its symbolism, when applied to the prophecy of the future, but reveals also how it has appealed to writers in a less specialised way. There is indeed available a rich stock of symbols still largely to be drawn upon.

NOTE.—No originality is claimed for this article, and its intention is simply to present a few important facts concerning the Tarot pack. The main work of reference, from which many of the details mentioned have been taken, is "Tarot of the Bohemians," by PAPUS.

## THE POSITION OF THE ABSTRACT ARTIST IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

MICHAEL DE VOIL.

It is the eternal mission of the artist to realise his visions of Reality to the world, and thereby to increase the perceptions of the individual. This interpretation of the artist's purpose implies the definition of art in which, in the words of Greville Cook, Art is "News of Reality"; and in which the artist is a teacher "abstracting" certain aspects of natural beauty or "objective reality," that the pupil may study and appreciate.

In order to understand more fully the state of the creative artists to-day, it is necessary to have some idea of the psychological types that exist amongst them. A considerable body of work is available to the student on this subject. Apart from the researches of Jung and E. Bullough which I shall quote, there are the complex theories of Jaensch, Kretschmer and the Marburg school. However, for the purpose of this article, I shall have recourse only to the work of the former. Jung has expostulated four types:—

(1) Thinking



- (2) Feeling
- (3) Sensation
- (4) Intuition

which, according to his theory, are combined with the general character of either the introvert or the extravert. E. Bullough, whose work on the subject is monumental, also enumerates four classes:—

- (1) Objective
- (2) Physiological
- (3) Associative
- (4) Character.

These two classifications can be approximately correlated as follows:—

- |               |              |
|---------------|--------------|
| Objective     | — Thinking.  |
| Physiological | — Sensation. |
| Associative   | — Intuition. |
| Character     | — Feeling.   |

Jung, whose work is the more recent, has further correlated his types with particular Art forms. Thinking, he applies to Realism, Feeling to Surrealism, Sensation to Expressionism and Intuition to Abstract Art. Now, of all these the greatest is the Abstract art. Abstraction implies the understanding of the intrinsic properties of the natural beauties, and employs the highest faculties of perception. In the words of Plato from the *Philebus*:—

“Socrates, ‘I do not now intend by beauty of shapes what most people would expect, such as that of living creatures and pictures, but, for the purpose of my argument, I mean straight lines and curves and the surfaces of solid forms *produced out of these\** by rules and squares, if you understand me. For I mean that these things are not beautiful relatively, like other things, but always and naturally and absolutely; and they have their proper pleasures, no way depending on the itch of desire.’” (Trans. E. F. Carritt, “Philosophies of Beauty”).

If then we accept this ideal of art, which is supported by our original definition, we are led to study more closely the Intuitive or Associative type. Here Jung and Bullough tend to differ. Jung states that all his types may be either introvert or extravert, whilst Bullough, in my opinion correctly, considers this particular class to be essentially introvert; in his own words: “This type is the most irregular, being at the mercy of associations” (Brit. J. Psych, 1906-8). He is surely correct. The extravert, best revealed in the Surrealist, projects his own self into objects empathetically, so that the object “exists for him, represents him by its oddness and unexpected isolation.” (H. Read, “Education Through Art.”) On the Abstract artist, however, the objects have a very real effect; one can say that they are “projected” into him rather than he into them, he is the passive, rather than the active participant. This passivity is essentially an introverted characteristic, and it is as an introvert that I shall henceforth consider the sensitive artist. As such, the world in which he lives cannot but affect him personally (though not necessarily his art) in one way or another. At the present day it would seem to many, that the affairs of humanity have reached a trough of chaos and degeneracy that is without equal in all time. (Although the legitimacy of this statement may be questioned from purely historical grounds, it must be admitted that the increased communications of the modern world have enabled more people to realise the enormity of the chaos than before.) There seems now to be abundant evidence that a large percentage of human beings, for such we must call them, are committing acts impossible to anyone with any recognisance of the accepted values of Good and Evil. The words “Life” and “The Individual” have become empty and meaningless platitudes. This lack of meaning is in itself a symptom of the complete loss of faith in Christianity throughout Europe—a loss of faith hastened by the remaining momentum of the great Materialist philosophies of the nineteenth century, and helped by the still popular Romantic escapist theories. It is easy to see why whole peoples, with their faith in both God and Man gone, have grasped at the first new “faith” presented to them, whether Fascist, Communist or Democratic, which could offer them any modicum of mental peace. Here, in the word “Peace,” we have the key. The human race is tired! It is a fact and a horrible one, that once this war is physically over, the vast majority of people will desire above all things to be left alone, to escape into a little personal world where there is no need to think—in fact a world especially designed in order to prevent that disconcerting habit.



The artist, being only human, will be susceptible to this appalling danger, and, being an introvert, will be even more affected than his fellow men, and unless he has a faith in something other, his faith in man is sure to be broken. This mental process, followed as it is by a mood of either despair or fatalism, is well shown in the works of the modern poets. Here is its expression by Stephen Spender (from "In Railway Halls !"):

—There is no consolation, no, none  
In the curving beauty of that line  
Traced on our graphs through history, where the oppressor  
Starves and deprives the poor.

Paint here no draped despairs, no saddening clouds  
Where the soul rests, proclaims eternity.  
But let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds  
This Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends.

and that of W. H. Auden (from "Dover"):

The soldier guards the traveller who pays for the soldier.  
Each one prays for himself in the dusk, and neither  
Controls the years. Some are temporary heroes.

Some of these people are happy.

or again the terrible lines of Louis MacNeice (from "Springboard"):

Cannibalism and incest: such is time,  
A trail of shaking candles, such are we  
Who garnish to pollute and breed to kill—  
Messmates in the eucharist of crime  
And heirs to two of those three black crosses on the hill.

One could go on quoting from almost any modern poet and find continually the same despair. The artist, when his faiths have crumbled, may well begin to doubt his own art which leads easily to an escape into the precious. If then he is to prevent his own degeneracy and that of his art, he must justify both his art and himself.

The faculty of man for the perception and even more the expression of beauty, is one of the highest attributable to him. It involves the searching and striving after one of the Trinity of absolutes given by the Christian; Truth, Beauty and Love, and the final goal is an expression of all three. In the present world it is hard for the artist to realise the presence of Truth and Love, except on the smallest scale—between individuals—but he is gifted with the ability to perceive Beauty where others cannot. In this knowledge he must put his trust and faith. An ideal expression of this sentiment is to be found in Milton's "On his Blindness":—

"—and that one talent, which 'tis death to hide\*  
Lodged with me useless—"

For the artist to justify himself to the community is a far more difficult task. That the perceptions of the individual are neither complete nor perfect is quite obvious, and it is the artist—essentially gifted with sensitive perception—who can add to the fullness of the individual's vision. But in the last fifty years the facets of reality exposed by the artist have been so consciously varied, that the mass of people have denied him his gifts, and become rapidly out of touch with his work. This, plus the apathy already described, demands that the case for the necessity of art should be reconsidered. There is one damning piece of evidence of the effect of the denial of art its rightful place in society that I should like to present; coming as it does from the God of the Victorian Materialists. It is the confession of Charles Darwin (from his "Autobiography"):

"My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding out general laws from a large collection of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher states depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a brain more highly developed than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. *The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, or more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.*"

This terrible statement needs no comment, and even if it is denied, there still remains the negative justification by H. Read ("Art in the University"): "Art can at least be a corrective

to the evils of specialised education." It is clear from both these pieces of evidence that if the individual is to be educated, in the correct sense of the word, his education in Art and Perception cannot be neglected. Could there be a greater justification than that of Leonardo da Vinci: "*In Art we may be said to be the grandsons unto God.*" If poetry treats of moral philosophy, painting has to do with natural philosophy." (Leonardo's "Notebooks." Trans.: E. McCurdy.)

If then we can believe in the intrinsic beauties, we have our justification. "The artist is the precedent fact—the natural fact; and all that economic forces can do is to impinge on that fact and either further it in its course or impede it" (H. Read, "Art Now"). We must take to heart the words of Picasso: "Everybody wants to understand painting. Why don't they try to understand the songs of birds? . . . The artist works from necessity. . . . Those who try to explain a picture are most of the time on the wrong track" ("Cahiers d'Art"). Let us accept Art, and then, even in this "twittering world," we may find new strength in the knowledge taught by the artist, that there is still beauty in the rose-petals, in the curves of a woman's breast and in the folds of the Autumn hills.

*\*(My own italics.)*

## THE POETIC ACHIEVEMENT OF JOHN DONNE

A. M. ROBINSON

It is impossible to read much of Donne's poetry without being aware of the sense of urgency behind it. The poetry is imperative because the poet feels an intense need for self-expression, but it is obvious from a study of the elaborate metres and rhyme-schemes, which he adopted, that Donne was a conscious craftsman. The openings of his poems are expressive of his power and of his repudiation of conventional form. These openings are often conversational as in "Busie olde foole, unruly Sonne," "For God's sake hold your tongue and let me love," and "Goe and catch a falling star." It is interesting to speculate upon the feelings of a lady accustomed to Petrarchian sonnets and conceits suddenly finding herself face to face with a poem by Donne beginning,

"Nature's lay ideot, I taught thee to love !"

(Such a line is reminiscent of Shakespeare's sonnets to the Dark Lady.) Donne was no stranger to the more courtly approach and could sing with the most tender Elizabethan, "Send home my long strayed eyes to mee" or "So, so breake off this last lamenting kiss."

Donne's varying moods can be traced in these opening lines as in his poems. In contrast to many of his immediate contemporaries Donne seems to put the whole of himself into his poetry. He is sincere even when paying the most elaborate compliments to his patrons; his fancy kindled so that the resultant poems are no stiff or conventional address. His greatest poetry is the finest expression of his complex nature. The poems are personal, and yet have a universality which is found only in the greatest poetry. It is true that his poetry is not always sustained. No one knew this better than Johnson, but when Donne's mind was working "in a more than usual excitement," fine poetry invariably resulted. Donne is a conscious poet, and his readers must be also his collaborators, alive to the shock of startling image and thought. The reader, like Donne, must feel with his intellect and think with his senses, before he can appreciate the whole meaning of Donne's poetry.

Grierson comments on Donne's "unique blend of passionate feeling and rapid, subtle thinking" and this is the product of intense experience, which he recaptures in his poetry. Donne's varying moods arise from the complexity of his nature and, above all, from his idealism. "The Extasie", one of the finest of his early poems, is a vindication of the interconnection and interdependence of soul and body, a belief based upon medieval law, which became a cardinal principle of Donne's later religious thought.

The great achievement of Donne's early poetry is to be found in his treatment of love. He is always the lover, whether he is fiercely sarcastic and cynical with the inconstancy of woman as his theme, or whether he is describing the ecstatic joy of a mutual passion. In "The Apparition" he is witty and savagely bitter: in a more tender love poem, in which feeling preponderates and expression is more vivid and intense, he still delights to play with images. Highflown conceits are at his command, as in "The Flea", but he is equally happy with a homely metaphor:—

"Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat  
And when he doth the kernal eat  
Who doth not throw away the shell?"

He is adept at describing certain situations; he comments on a husband's oily eyes inflamed with jealousy as he regards his wife's flirtation; he describes the loving glances which lovers exchange at table. In the following lines he tells how he crept into the house of his beloved:—

"I taught my silkes their whistling to forbear;  
Even my oppressed shoes, dumb and speechless were."

Johnson selects the nautical description in "The Calm", for special praise:—

"The fighting place now seamen's rugs supply;  
And all the tackling is a frippery.  
No use of lanterns; and in one play lay  
Feathers and dust, today and yesterday."

As an example of Donne as the sincere lover there is hardly a more lovely poem than "A Valediction of Weeping," which contains the lines:—

"O more than Moore,  
Draw not up seas to drowne me in thy speare,  
Weepe me not dead, in thine armes, but forbear  
To teach the sea, what it may doe to soon; . . ."

Comment on such writing is superfluous. Donne's command of the lyrical strain is shown in such poems as, "Sweetest Love I do not go" and "Breake of Day," in which he feelingly expresses the woman's point of view. This is in contrast to many of his poems in which he conveys against woman's inconstancy:—

"'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?  
O wilt thou therefore rise from me? . . ."

Perhaps Drummond of Hawthorndene had such a lyric in mind when he noted, "Donne, among the Anacreontic lyrics is second to none, and far from all second . . . I think, if he would, he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English."

The melancholy Donne is embodied in the poem "Twickenham Garden," in which he gives vent to plangent grief:—

"Blasted with sighs and surrounded with tears  
Hither I come to seek the Spring. . . ."

The variety of cadence within this one poem is astonishing, but the whole is effective and satisfying. The melancholy of Donne's letters is to be found in this verse and in the "Nocturnal Upon Saint Lucie's Day": "It is now spring and all the pleasures of it displease me, every tree blossoms and I wither; I grow older and not better. . . ." Some of Donne's finest verse is written in this melancholy strain, which pervades much of his poetry.

There was little religious poetry of great worth in Elizabethan England, with the exception of Raleigh's "Pilgrimage" and Southwell's "Burning Babe" and the anonymous "Say if our Sovereign Lord. . . ."; Donne is the first of a long line of great religious poets. He continues the medieval tradition and is important as a link between medieval and modern religious thought. His religious poems contain some of his subtlest thought and most consummate artistry. The complexity of his nature prevented him from being easily satisfied or subdued by religion; his doubts and difficulties remained omnipresent until his death. The poems reveal him as beating against the bars of self, in order to break through to a fuller apprehension of God.

The dramatic openings and bold, effective imagery are carried over from his "secular" poetry; he often addresses God as a lover would address his mistress. He implores God's aid in his conversion:—

"Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you  
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine and seeke to mend."

The vehemence of the sonnet anticipates those of Gerald Manley Hopkins. Donne gives voice to his woes, "O, to vex me, contraries meet in one." He writes as if he were actually speaking to Christ:—

"Wilt thou forget that sin, where I begunne  
Which is my sin, though it were done before?"

He pays much attention to form, so that Jonson's criticism that "Donne for not keeping of accent deserved hanging" no longer applies, neither does the complaint that Donne "was profane and full of blasphemies."

"Since I am coming to that Holy Roome,  
Where, with thy Quire of Saints for ever more  
I shall be made thy Musique, as I come  
I tune the instrument here at the dore,  
And what I must doe then, think here before."

It may be said that Donne's supreme achievement is his religious poetry. The simplicity of "The Hymne to God the Father" is noteworthy; conceit is stripped away, though perhaps he puns on his name. The rising note of fear in the last verse is contrasted with the steady, quiet conviction of the close:—

"I have a sinne of fear that when I have spunne  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
But swear by thyself that at my death thy sonne  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;  
And, having done that Thou hast done  
I fear no more."

The lyrical quality of his early love songs is recalled here, together with the echo of those of Wyatt.

Donne's failings are obvious and need not be catalogued. His poetry is personal, individual and dramatic; its appeal is universal. There is logical coherence, a compelling force and completeness about his best poems. They are not ethereal; they are the man. At his best he completely satisfies the ear and the imagination. The metres he uses are close to speech rhythm; he so frames and moulds his lines that, although they rarely achieve a purely lyric note, they possess a persuasive force and urgency. In the "Divine Sonnets" the broad movement mingles well with the metrical pattern and resonance; fullness and variety are obtained.

Jonson prophesied, "That Donne from not being understood would perish," and this prophecy almost came true. It is only recently that Donne has been recognised as a great poet, and has been accorded his true place among English poets. There is much in his poetry which has a curiously modern ring. The dominant note of his work is joy and mutual love, while its intrinsic quality is the union of thought and feeling, achieved in such a poem as "The Extasie." Donne writes always as a lover in his religious poetry; he addresses God with the passion he once owned to his wife. When speaking of Donne's poetic achievement to Drummond, Jonson said that "he esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world for some things." And I think we may agree with him.

## ROUSSEAU AND INDIVIDUALISM

H. M. GARNETT

Individualism in political theory has been defined as the belief that the good of the State is the well-being and free initiation of the component members. That Rousseau is concerned for the well-being of the individual members of the State can be gathered from many of his works, which contain statements such as: "It is a fact that the least inhabitant of a State, the simple and virtuous labourer, has as much right to happiness as he who is at the head." Thus far it may be concluded that Rousseau is at one with the individualists; but in considering the question of the "free initiative of the component members" of a State, we are, I think, led inevitably to the conclusion that he was directly opposed to its exercise. Having reached this decision it is necessary next to examine his proposed method of attaining the good of the State and of its individual members, as expounded in his main works on political theory, the Social Contract and the article on Political Economics. At the same time the points of divergence must be remarked between Rousseau's theory and that of the individualists.

Rousseau sought the establishment of the ideal state on the basis of a social contract. This he conceived as an agreement among all members of a State to subordinate their individual wills to the "general will"; in other words, he envisaged the contract as the "total surrender" of any community to the community itself. The general will of the community was, in his view, a principle of action to be loyally upheld by each contributing member. He did not conceive this will as an expression of unanimous agreement or of identical opinion among all citizens—any such unanimity of opinion would of necessity nullify the will's existence as a force—but he did postulate that so long as the will remained general it was always right.



Before further examination of the ideal State, as depicted by Rousseau, his conception of the nature of man must first be considered. Unlike Hobbes, to whom man is by nature a savage, Rousseau thinks of primitive man as naturally good, but as corrupted by society. This fact is of primary importance to an understanding of Rousseau's proposed treatment of the individual in his theory of the ideal State.

In this ideal State a cultivation of the sense of duty to the community, based on the agreement between equal and essentially good men will effect an harmonised society, where the good of all is the first concern of all. Man in this State is naturally benevolent, and it is from the State that his purpose and active sense of duty originate. This is the point upon which Rousseau's and the Individualist's beliefs are most in conflict. The latter argue that good can come only from the individual person, whereas it is Rousseau's contention that man's natural goodness can develop into a wish for the happiness of all, when the selfish interests of the individual are subordinated to the will of all, as expressed by the government of the State.

Thus the State is placed in an overruling position in Rousseau's doctrine. Since it expresses in its laws the will of the majority of its individual members, and because that will is necessarily right, the State can therefore punish any person whose acts are deemed injurious to the good of all. This proviso must, however, be appended, that Rousseau conceived the State not as an external organisation, but as part of each citizen. Therefore it would be unlikely that in an efficient State much punishment would be necessary. Nevertheless, aware that the ideal State could never come into existence, Rousseau is prepared for the unlikely to occur occasionally. With regard to the formulation of laws, he determines that they shall be applicable to all and not directed against any particular individual. The State must certainly be supreme, but only with a view to furthering the happiness of all equal members of it. As Rousseau says, it is because "*la force des choses tend toujours a detruire l'egalite que la force de legislation doit toujours tendre a la maintenir.*"

Thus Rousseau's attitude to the position of the State was merely a transference of the responsibility of rule from the individual to the whole community. It may now be stated that, while his methods were diametrically opposed to those of the individualists, he was at one with them in his aim, which was the attainment of the happiness of each man.

There is one aspect of life, however, in which Rousseau's disregard for the individual conscience is signally apparent, that is the religious. In his anxiety to have in the ideal State no division of interest in the individual, he is brought face to face with the difficulties of dealing with Christians, to whom the State cannot mean everything. He finds himself especially opposed to free-thinkers and to Roman Catholics. In his opinion the former have no sense of duty, whilst the latter, through their beliefs, are necessarily enemies of the State. It is a most significant fact that Rousseau should have to resort to persecution in order to destroy possible disintegration within his ideal State. Religion, as he would have it, he called civil religion, and its acceptance involved the upholding of the social contract and the laws of the State. The very conciseness of his definition of civil religion points to its essential weakness. How could a whole society conform to a set faith arbitrarily drawn up by a political theorist? Did Rousseau not realise that faith cannot be controlled by law or defined by oath?

Finally, in commenting on Rousseau's political theorising, it is important to note the narrowing of its application in the course of his writing. Rousseau leads us to expect much in his provocative opening sentences such as: "*l'homme est ne libre, mais partout il est dans les fers,*" and then fails us by including comparatively few people in his practical reorganisation of the State. In fact, while we interpret his use of the word "*man*" as having a universal application, we later find that his plans are meant to apply specifically to the temperate zone and to Western Europe. The conclusion is that perhaps his ideals were too high, and that his system could only apply to a small community like his native Geneva. Such a conclusion is justified when it is realised that he indicated federalism as a possible solution to the unwieldiness in governing large States.

From a cursory survey of the main principles of Rousseau's political theory, it becomes obvious that he leaves no room for the exercise of the individual will or effort in State affairs. All must be subordinated to the community, and Rousseau appears not as the champion of Individualism, but as its most decided enemy.



## CONSIDERATIONS OF THE THEATRE

A. J. S. HARRISON

## The Purpose and Use of the Theatre

"There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming of a free-born people as that of the theatre."—(Steele, from *The Tatler*, No. 167.)

Historically it may be said that some great dramatic periods were primarily Tragic and others primarily Comic, so long as it is realised that such a statement is general, and that there was almost invariably considerable overlapping. It is significant that the former have been periods of social stability, and of accepted values, whilst the latter have been times of disintegration and change (see Dobree: *Restoration Comedy*). Thus the Theatre has been sensitive to its environment, and it is possible to separate the functions of Tragedy and Comedy, as the products of entirely differing approaches to the Art of Drama. Certain it is that Comedy (except that written purely for delight, in which no moral standards are necessary) has been largely critical of its Society, and has, through the medium of satire or less subtle ridicule, attempted to expose certain existing values as false. Tragedy has normally worked from the assumption of generally-accepted values, and has dealt in terms of the individual rather than society. Where Tragedy has represented the dialectic strife between the individual and his particular environment, the result of this process has often been the stating of moral principles, but of accepted principles, and not of new ones.

Thus the inspiration of Tragedy has been largely static, whilst that of Comedy has been dynamic, and the Purpose of Tragedy has been the enhancing of accepted values, whilst the Purpose of Comedy has been criticism, at once destructive and constructive (that is, it has tended to remove false, but accepted values, without, generally, suggesting alternatives).

Yet wholeness of the Art of Drama implies that there should be some purpose which embraces all dramatic presentation, and in seeking for it there is found not only a link within the theatre, but also a link between the Theatre and Art in its widest sense. This basic function of the Art of the Theatre is the increasing of emotional sensitivity in its audience. Tragedy and Comedy may have particular uses, but this is attendant upon them. Together with the other Arts the Theatre tends to produce a depth of feeling and of understanding, which directly affects community living.

## The Actor and his Method.

"Excellent Actors . . . as Field and Burbidge; of whom we may say, that he was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his Cloathes, as he never (not even so much as in the Tying-house) assumed himself until the Play was done."—(*Discourse on the English Stage*.)

That there may be discovered a basic purpose in all Art is justified by an examination of the origins of the various art forms. In the Ancient Greek civilisation the innate means of human expression (Dancing, Singing and Plastic experiment) were combined in an expression of awe and terror before the Mysterious. In this terror the individual was lost, and the Ritual was entirely impersonal, was entirely a manifestation of Community dread. Later, when human curiosity had begun to equate Man with the Unknown, there came a drawing away from this original impulse, and individuality began to appear in an intellectualised Ritual. With this gradual change there came also a departure of Art from the unifying influence of the Mysterious, and further, a division of the synthetic Art into its components. This process was restarted by the advent of Christianity, where once more the Arts were united in the Church. The spirit of the Renaissance can be traced through the evolution of the Drama of the Church. The original Mystery Plays becoming modified into the Morality Plays, whose parts gradually became the types, not of abstract Virtues and Vices, but of human characters. Once more human intellect was asserting itself, and human confidence was growing. The formation of professional bands of players was a natural development of this change of approach, and we can see something of the evolution of the modern Art of the Theatre.

The history of the Drama reveals the organic development of the individuality of man, for there is now an art of expression the centre of which is, basically, the Player, whatever subsidiary devices may be called for in Staging. Thus it may be seen, that the medium of the Theatre is the human being, and as might be expected there is formed a certain attachment with

the Art of Dancing, and the Art of Singing. Indeed, the "Art of the Theatre" may be defined so as to include all three, but for the present purpose it is defined to mean "the Art of Staging a Play in a Theatre."

The Actor must communicate through his whole self; that is, he must use his body, his features and his voice. He must be competent therefore in Mime (the use of Gesture), in Carriage (the art of graceful movement—Note: The element of the Dance, which has been greatly stressed by Meyerhold in the Russian Theatre, and which has for centuries formed a major part of the hereditary technique of the Japanese "Kabuki" Theatre), in Facial Expression and in Voice Production and Inflection. Perfect acting involves a balance of all these elements, but the balance is by no means fixed, and may indeed be varied greatly, so long as no one element positively detracts from the effect of the final entity. It is essential to realise that all of these means are part of the acting technique, and that to eliminate any one is to leave an incomplete Art of Acting (vis : the later writings of Gordon Craig).

In the application of this technique to the Play there must be a process of interpretation, just as there must be interpretation in music, where, in actual fact the definition is more precise. In the past the conception has been that the actor must "live his part," and this has been stated many times as if it implied first, no interpretation, and secondly the complete elimination of the individuality of the Player. If this attitude is considered it is found to be entirely inane, for the actor must decide how he is to "live" the part, which is interpretation, and by that decision he asserts his own personality. The dismissal of this idea gives the correct importance to the theory of interpretation, which has been seriously neglected throughout the history of the Modern Theatre. As might be inferred from the first part of the article, the difficulties are only solvable by a detailed knowledge of the "environment" of the play, and, technically, an equally specialised knowledge of the theatre for which it was written is essential.

It becomes obvious that, for the correct application of the Art of Acting to the Play the actor must be a competent scholar of dramatic history and theory. This reveals the necessity for rigorous training and education in the actor, and emphasises the need for Schools of Dramatic Art, which deals adequately with both the Means of Expression and the Methods of Interpretation. It is not sufficient that the Actor should be guided in these matters by the Producer, for in this way the Actor is placed at a disadvantage, and consequently the whole of the Art of the Theatre is weakened.

#### Theatre, Actor and Audience

*"The stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn it revealed even there a very splendid audience."*—(Steele, from *The Tailor*, No. 1).

In the Staging of a play the scenery must emphasise the emotional atmosphere, but it must not draw attention away from the actor, who is the centre of the whole Art. There must be a complete unity between action and set, and in this unity the mind of the audience must be focused on the Player. The improved technique of the stage in the past seventy-five years has made Realistic presentation possible, and this idea has been widely accepted. Yet perfection in this method could at best provide a neutral background, and, because the stage can only give an approximation to realism it has most usually caused distraction. The movements for Impressionistic and Symbolistic settings are an attempt to escape from the limitations of Realism, for these sets make no attempt to reveal the situation, but interpret the action through the disposition of mass, line, colour and light. Such methods are most suitable for the essentially artificial stage, and through them the relations between play, player and audience are strengthened.

Yet the relation between the actor and his audience is dependent finally upon the structure of the theatre itself. The modern proscenium, which evolved soon after the middle of the nineteenth century, emphasises the division between the House and the Stage, and forces the audience to look *into* the action, so that its members are mere spectators, isolated from the movement of the play. For various technical reasons the box-stage has proved convenient, but with the new approaches to scenic effect most of these technicalities have been out-dated, and it has become a hindrance. Certain it is that the actor will be unable to convey emotions with the fullest intensity, until there is a greater intimacy between him and his audience, such as that given by an Apron stage. For this intimacy can only be fully realised through physical nearness, and through an action which is held in the midst of the audience.

With this proximity the slightest gesture, the merest inflexion or change of tone has effect, and the audience moves with the actor, and is one with him. He is most severely tested, for the sensitivity will also discover the smallest fault, and he must exert himself fully in order to communicate precisely. He must indeed act with his "whole self," and he must have perfect control. Yet, though a higher standard of performance is required, the effort is well employed, and the end is attainable, for already in Russia such a theatre is established, and is receiving the highest praise even from many schooled in the nineteenth-century tradition.

## DEPARTURE

G. F. PALMER

Time beats a tom-tom in my head,  
Beats and beats, and will not let me forget  
You were smiling when I left you; are you  
Smiling yet?

The wheels revolve, revolve, revolve;  
Beat and beat, and there is no more Time,  
And I wonder if your crystal face stays  
Still the same.

Silence itself is charged with sound;  
Throbs and beat, and I am only alone  
In the emptiness which shapes your image  
Hard as stone.

Time beats that tom-tom in my head,  
Beats and beats, and it seems I may never forget  
You were smiling as I left you. Are you  
Smiling yet?

## TRAGEME

A. J. S. HARRISON

Enter into the deception of the winter sun;  
Find meaning in the days  
And in the hard hours.  
Find meaning in the pavements  
And in the Saturday faces  
Or escape in drink or drugs  
And laugh at the laughter  
In descending time.

Either way is impossible, either  
The positive or the negative postulation.  
Rejoice in the surety of limitation  
And believe in it, and call it Love.

Find meaning in the pavements, beyond  
The squared patterns,  
And at the action's end contemplate  
The empty laugh across the mystery  
Which is ours.

Drown the days in dusty tears  
End the day, and thus the years:  
Pass the time; go hang the present.

## LE BIEN-venu

"DAVID"

I waited for you long: you did not come;  
 For you the feast was spread: the door flung wide  
 I waited till my weary heart grew numb,  
 With love that froze, through being long denied.

But with the dawn there came another guest,  
 Not the proud prince I'd decked myself to meet,  
 But a sad suppliant, haggard with unrest,  
 And scarred with all the marks of sad defeat.

I welcomed him: ah, do not call me kind  
 I shared my feast, and knew a glowing peace:  
 Tears thawed my icy heart: I was not blind,  
 Nor swayed by any spirit of caprice.

Nor yet unfaithful; could I ever be?  
 Since he, my love, was you, and you are he!

## MEETING

"DAVID"

Ah! lift your head so,  
 smile so,  
 that was the glance I hungered for  
 the swift keen look,  
 the eager lip breaking into a smile  
 and then the quick steps across the room  
 clasped hands  
 and peace at last.

## HERALDRY—ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DECLINE

M. C. CAMPION

It may be as well to begin this article with a brief survey of the meaning of Heraldry, and of the duties of the Herald, both in the Middle Ages and in more modern times. Heraldry is really the whole duty of the Herald, and is not merely confined to the granting and derivation of Arms. The original duty of a Herald was at the tournaments, which were so common in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The Herald acted as the *compere* of a tournament, introducing each combatant by name, titles and qualifications, as he entered the lists. As each knight was dressed in full armour it was impossible for him to be recognised unless he bore some distinguishing mark or badge. These marks generally took one or more of five forms: the crest on the helmet, the surcoat (whence the term "coat of arms"), the horse's trapper, the shield and the flag or banner.

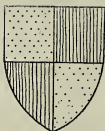
At first these identification markings were simple, stripes, chevrons, roundels, crosses and triangles, of varying sizes and colours, forming the principle charges on the plain coat. Examples of these early and simple Coats of Arms are those of Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, who died in 1144 (1), of Richard de Clare (Strongbow), Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1176 (2), and of Ranulph de Glauville, Chief Justiciar, who died in 1190 (3).

The next and obvious step from the plain geometrical charges, was to represent animals, birds and flowers, both real and mythological. The most famous example is the Heraldic *lion* or *leopard*: both names referring to the lion. This may be shown in about eight different positions; the three lions in the Royal Coat of Arms being known as *lions passant guardant*, or merely as *leopards*, while the Scottish lion is *rampant*.

Examples of mythological creatures are the double-headed eagle used by the Caesars and later by the Holy Roman Emperors, and the Wyvern, a two legged winged dragon introduced



# TAROT PACK



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5)



(6)



(7)



(8)

Or (gold)  
Argent (silver)

Gules (red)  
Azure (blue)

Sable (black)

Standard Colour Hatchings

# HERALDRY



in the 17th century. Symbolic charges used were the quatrefoil and cinquefoil, the four and five leaved flowers.

Another way in which Coats of Arms were devised was by punning; for example the bull of Bovill, the roach of Roche, the porticullis (windy gate) of Wingate and the gold net of the family of Maltravers, signifying "hard to pass".

It was soon after the period of tournaments, when the use of Coats of Arms had become widespread, that Heralds were made responsible for registering all recognised coats, and for banning all unauthorised ones. In the year 1417 Henry V created the office of Garter Principal King of Arms, and later subdivided the kingdom, so that various noble persons held this appointment. These Kings of Arms were granted the right to give Arms within their respective provinces, and, as the duties of their office included the inspection of the credentials of the bearers of arms, there were appointed several "poursuivants", whose primary task was to do this. Thus the English College of Heralds consists of three Kings of Arms, up to three Poursuivants and a number of Heralds.

By the end of the 14th century, Coats of Arms were rapidly becoming over-complicated, owing to the marshalling (or combining) of two or more coats to denote amalgamations of families. The development of the Arms of Mary, Queen of Scots, shows how even a simple Coat can rapidly become elaborate. Her own Coat of Arms consisted of *lion rampant* of Scotland quartered with the Arms of England (i.e. the three *lions passant guardant* quartered with three *fleurs-de-lis*). On her marriage with the Dauphin, she adopted a Coat comprised of the Arms of Scotland and of her husband, quartered, with the Arms of England superimposed on a small shield, thus denoting pretensions to the English throne. After the death of the Dauphin, Mary halved the latter Coat, and impaled it with her original maiden coat. The resulting puzzle was so offensive to Elizabeth that she sought the judgement of the Earl Marshal of England and the Heralds; this judgement was included in the charges brought against Mary at her trial in 1572.

The arms granted to notables of the 15th and 16th centuries are interesting, in that they offer a more pictorial representation of events or of articles connected with the grantee, those of Columbus, for example, expressing the discovery of a New World. The castle and the lion in the first quarter (denoting Castile and Leon) indicate royal favour, while the third quarter denotes the new land, and the triangle and the fourth quarter illustrate the sea and five anchors respectively. The rhyming motto:

"A Castilla y a Leon  
Mundo nuevo dio Colon"

(To Castile and Leon, Columbus gives a new world), explains the arms aptly.

Another needlessly complicated coat is that of Captain Cook, which shows a globe between two stars, and is *blazoned* (the heraldic term for "described") as: "Azure between two polar stars or a sphere on the plane of the Meridan, North Pole elevated, Circles of latitude for every ten degrees and of longitude for fifteen, shewing the Pacific Ocean between sixty and two hundred and forty west bounded on one side by America and on the other by Asia and New Holland, in Memory of his having explored and made discoveries in that Ocean, so very far beyond all former Navigators: His track thereon marked with red lines." The words *azure* and *or* respectively, mean that the background of the shield is blue, and the stars are gold.

The humorous side of the subject is perhaps best illustrated by the Arms granted to the Lane family (4). Prince Charles, fleeing after the Battle of Worcester, sought the aid of Mistress Jane Lane, who helped the flight of the Prince by agreeing that he should ride before her, posing as her servant, to Bristol, where he hoped to embark for France. Jane Lane's loyalty earned for her family the right to bear on their Arms the Arms of England as a canton. The crest is the strawberry roan on which the Prince rode, and the animal holds a crown in token that he carried a royal person. The motto is "Garde le Roy". Because of the inclusion of the Royal Arms of England in the family coat, the Lanes have gained exemption from the Armorial Bearings Tax.

The gradual degradation and loss of dignity of the Coat of Arms becomes obvious by the end of the eighteenth century. The arms granted to Nelson after the Battle of the Nile show a *cross flory sable*, over which is a *bend dexter or charged with three bombs fired*. At the top of the shield (that is, on the *chief*) appears a representation of a disabled ship, a ruined battery and a palm tree. The supporters of the shield on the complete coat are an armed sailor

and a lion, bearing in its mouth a broken flagstaff with the Spanish flag flying from it. The crests above the shield are a Viscount's crown, above this a Naval crown bearing the plume of triumph (as presented to Nelson by the Grand Signor) and a Peer's helmet supporting a Spanish Man-of-War (The "San Josef").

The arms granted to Lord Kitchener (6) are slightly more conventional, but they are still crowded. In the *chief* are a gold lion (of England) on red, between a black eagle and an orange tree, both on silver backgrounds. The rest of the shield consists of a blue chevron, edged with silver, about which are set three bustards on a red background. Superimposed on the whole is a golden triangle containing the British and Turkish flags, circled by a mural coronet which bears the word Khartoum. The supporters of the shield are a bridled camel and a gnu; the crests are an elephant's head holding a sword, and a stag's head, pierced by an arrow, with a golden horseshoe between the horns.

The end of the last century shows the turning point in the aesthetic standards of Heraldry; there was completely decadent realism, but some of the more recent coats have once more embraced symbolism, and are consequently more satisfactory. In 1926 a correspondent to the *Morning Post* complained about the supporters (navvies, colliers, soldiers, etc.), which were being chosen by grantees of arms, and the charges, "like building cranes and corrugated boiler-flues for those who want and insist on them." This last was actually part of a coat of arms granted to the late Samson Fox of Leeds and Harrogate, and as an example of purely inartistic representation it must surely be unique.

As C. W. Scott-Giles says, "The objection (to the argument that modern developments such as railway engines, boiler-flues, etc., should be included in Heraldry) apparently is not to the principle of expressing modern facts and achievements in terms of Heraldry, but the offence against heraldic art and tradition which such a charge as a boiler-flue commits. Such articles should obviously be reduced to essentials and translated into symbolic forms. For example, Hershel's forty-foot telescope is a most unsuitable charge, as it defies true illustration in so limited a space as a shield; but a more subtle and traditional way would be to give a blue shield with one large silver star within a gold ring, surrounded by three smaller stars."

Modern cases in which symbolism has been adopted are the Coat of Arms granted to Sir Humphrey Davy to commemorate his invention of the safety lamp, represented in the Coat by a flame encompassed by a chain; the rod of Aesculapius in Lord Lister's Arms (7), the cotton tree of Arkwright and the thunderbolt of Kelvin (8).

With the advent of the use of heraldic forms for advertising, Heraldry is gradually gaining a firmer hold on the public interest of this country, and the steady improvement since 1900, which, with some care, can be maintained, should ensure that Heraldry loses nothing of its old beauty, and gains much from its newer tradition.

## FROM BYRD TO BAX

K. H. FRANCIS

However pessimistic a view we may take of human nature, it was cheering to find that there were people willing to brave the snowdrifts in order to attend one of the all too rare concerts held at University College. And those who did visit the J.C.R. on Saturday, January 27th, were well rewarded: Miss Darlington's second visit to Southampton was as completely successful as her first. On this occasion, the trio of visitors was completed by Miss Noyce (violin) and Mr. Loughran (piano).

The programme consisted mainly of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music, but the second half of the recital opened with a very pleasant contrast in the form of short pieces by Bax, Moeran and Bridge. While verging tantalizingly on the recondite, these were so full of subtle effects and so sensitively performed that some of the more curious harmonic happenings passed unnoticed. However inappropriate Moeran's "Summer Valley" might have been at that particular moment, the fact remains that it was the most warming and, dare one say, Romantic item heard during the evening.

Let me add one word of warning to sponsors of future concerts against using the J.C.R. Acoustically this is a very bad room with its low ceiling, and, being rather cramped for space, the audience is forced forward rather too close to the performers: hence Miss Darlington's beautiful and striking voice was not given a fair chance to expand. Needless to say, this did

not occur when Connaught dining hall was used last May. I had already noticed Miss Darlington's marked predilection for tragic and dramatic arias, and they do indeed admirably suit her voice, but she has a no less sure interpretation of more lively works. Thus I am tempted to award the palm to Purcell's "Ask me to love no more," in spite of a most moving and poetic performance of Monteverdi's "Ae troppo e duro" from "Orfeo." In two arias she was joined by Miss Noyce, and here the violin obligato was exactly right—unobtrusive, balanced and sympathetic; this was specially noticeable in the cadenza from the selected aria from Mozart's "Il re pastore."

Miss Noyce also played a Violin Sonata in A, by Handel: this she performed with great dexterity and with the requisite polish. Miss Darlington and Miss Noyce were both accompanied by Mr. Cecil Williams, all praise of whom must be superfluous, but we do wish someone would allow him to play us some solos sometimes.

Mr. Loughran's other groups of piano solos consisted of works by Elizabethan composers—Bull, Byrd and Farnaby. Here the pianist was obviously well at home; I felt I should have been reminded of the virginals. Moral—beware of the sustaining pedal, bane of pianists who attempt the "classical." It will be a long time before members of the College are accustomed to regard Mr. Loughran as a visitor—we hope he will often be prevailed upon to come and play for us at future concerts.

The elect afterwards recalled happy memories of Miss Darlington's last concert, when she was persuaded to sing "Dido's Lament"—lovely as ever, and exquisitely clear: an ideal and delightfully informal conclusion to a delightful evening. "Highspot" is a horribly prosaic word to use of such perfection, but those who heard it had difficulty in finding another. Many of us have now definitely come to associate Miss Darlington in our minds with "Dido and Aeneas"—here is a rare understanding of tragedy.

As with the previous concert, our thanks are due to Dr. Rubinstein, who arranged for Miss Darlington to come down from London, and who made most of the other arrangements. His plan for the foundation of a Concert Society at Southampton to make possible future concerts on similar lines will, I know, be welcomed by the vast majority of staff and students. It seems at last that oases in our musical desert will, from now onwards, appear on our horizon with greater frequency: I feel sure that, under Dr. Rubinstein's direction, there will at least be no mirages.

## COLLEGE SOCIETY REPORTS

### STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Unfortunately, owing to mismanagement of the Programmes Committee, only two meetings were held during this term. The first was a joint meeting with the Catholic Society, and Father Ward of the Society of Jesuits gave us a very interesting insight into the Catholic ideas of "Sacramental Life." For our second meeting Crichton-Miller, F.R.C.P., talked on "Psychology and Religion." It was an excellent meeting, and was followed by a lively discussion.

The Study Group has now been dissolved, owing to the proximity of Finals, but we hope to continue it next session. Prayers, however, will continue as usual; the branch now takes College Prayers in South Stoneham Church on Mondays and Wednesdays.

T. R. WOTTON, *Secretary.*

### CHORAL SOCIETY

Once more this term the Choral Society has held its meetings without interruption. These have been very well attended, and several new works, ranging from Elizabethan Madrigals to Vaughan Williams' "New Commonwealth," have been added to the repertoire. The popularity of several pieces sung in previous years, including especially "True Love's the Gift," has merited their revival.

Under Mr. Cecil Williams' direction the balance and quality of the singing have been improved, and at the end of next term we hope to be able to give an enjoyable concert. The debt that we owe to Mr. Cecil Williams is immeasurable, and it can only be repaid by continued support.

S. A. URRY, *President*.

### GRAMOPHONE CLUB

The Gramophone Club has held its meetings this term, as in the past, on Mondays, at 1.15 p.m. In these meetings music has been particularly well represented; the most outstanding example was the very fine recording of William Walton's "Balshazzar's Feast," by Dennis Noble, the Huddersfield Choral Society and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. Besides this we have heard Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo—a Hebrew Rhapsody for Cello and Orchestra," and the Second Symphony of Sibelius.

Of music other than modern the most important work this term was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, recorded by Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir. The first meeting of the term heard a selection of lieder by Schubert, Schumann and R. Strauss, and also some interesting records of Sir George Henschel singing and accompanying himself at the piano; these were made when he was over eighty years of age.

In the same programme as Schelomo, we heard Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," which provided a striking contrast. Other meetings have included Brahms' First Piano Concerto, and a selection of the operatic music of Wagner and Puccini in their programmes.

Once again we should like to thank all those who have been kind enough to lend records, and we would be pleased to hear of anyone else willing to assist by lending records for meetings next term.

N. S. CORNEY, *Secretary*.

### SCOTTISH DANCING SOCIETY

Once more firmly established among College Societies, the Scottish Dancing Club now has a regular attendance of well over thirty supporters. The old Assembly hall is still our meeting place on Thursdays, and here we are endeavouring to increase our repertoire by learning at least one new dance each week. Among those in which we are now proficient are: the *Eightsome*, *Sixteensome*, *Duke of Perth*, *Petronella* and *Strip the Willow*. One of the most recent additions is *Triumph*, which causes much amusement among the dancers.

We hope to hold a dance one Saturday evening, either this term or next, for which the services of a piper have been obtained. A committee has been formed to deal with this dance, and also to arrange the programme for the weekly meetings. This consists of the following:—*President*, Miss R. Alexander; *Works Manager*, Mr. J. Churchill; and *Members*, Miss J. Maton, Mr. Carpenter.

Meetings will continue for some weeks during the Summer Term, and, weather permitting, dancing will take place in the open.

R. ALEXANDER, *President*.

### HOSPITALITY COMMITTEE

This term's principal events were the Spitfire Dance and the Union Ball. The former, in aid of the Spitfire Mitchell Memorial Fund, was held on February 3rd, and raised the considerable sum of £35. The Union Ball was held on March 3rd. At both of these functions the College was honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress; dancing was to Sim Grossman and his Music.

The other social occasions of the term were the Montefiore-Russell Halls' Entertainment and the Air Squadron Dance.

Towards the end of the term, the President of the Committee, Mr. Sydney Urry, resigned because of pressure of work. The whole College, and especially the Hospitality Committee, owes him a great debt for the hard work he has put in during this session.

Forthcoming Dances next term include the Athletic Union Dance, the Connaught Hall Entertainment, and the Going-Down Dance, as well as another I.S.S. Dance.

Hon. *Secretary*.



## ATHLETIC UNION REPORTS

### MEN'S BOAT CLUB

The activities of the Club this term have been confined solely to training the finally selected crew of eight for forthcoming races against other Universities.

"Rosemary" or "Stephen", the two shell-eights, have been taken out at every available opportunity regardless of the elements, the crew gallantly braving icy winds and rain on many occasions. A popular time for practice appears to be at eight o'clock on Sunday mornings.

We hope to race Bristol University, at home, on March 3rd, and should by then be well trained and able to give a good account of ourselves. The crew for this race is as follows:—

*Bow*: Scorer, Pawlyn, Fay, K. Russell, R. Russell, Winkles, Bunn (Captain);  
*Stroke*: Lowe; *Cox*: Walley.

At the end of term we shall unfortunately be losing Fay, who is the only Short Course member of the "eight." However, we are fortunate in that the remaining seven men will still be with us at the end of the Summer Term.

The Club extends its grateful thanks to Dr. Kellermann and Mr. Casson, who have done so much in assisting with the training.

### CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB

Having practically reached the end of the Cross-Country running season it may be safely said that the season 1944-45 was a most enjoyable and a reasonably successful one. It has been difficult, owing to the larger membership, to arrange runs in which all could participate, but it is hoped that by running two teams all members were satisfied. Also, mainly by the courtesy of Eastleigh A.C., we have been able to enter for various Handicap Matches, in which College runners gained two firsts, a second, a third, and a "first novice prize." We would congratulate all concerned. In the Hants C.C. Corney obtained a good position in the Senior class, while Le Masurier was placed first in the Junior.

Of seven matches against Eastleigh A.C. we were fortunate to win two. In the College and Inter-Varsity matches we have had very keen runs; we tied with Reading, both home and away; we defeated St. Mary's College at Bushey Park but lost to them at home. London University Tyrians beat us at home by 51-50.

Strangeway, who started the season as a novice, has improved steadily throughout the season. Woodeson ran very well during the first-half, but was forced to give up for eight weeks by an injury. Carr and Gledhill have both run consistently well, while Vincent, a late joiner, has suddenly sprung into the fore. Corney and Le Masurier have been outstanding examples in their leadership of the team and they have both been selected to run for Southern Universities.

Our thanks are due to Dr. S. H. Harper for his great help in officiating at home matches.

With the deepest regret we record the death of Mr. H. R. Burt, Hon. Secretary of Eastleigh A.C.

### FENCING CLUB

This term has seen the revival of the Fencing Club, which is open to all members of the Union, both men and women.

We have the services of Miss Harrington, an Old Hartleyan, as chief instructor. She has made the meetings most enjoyable, although a little hard on the legs at the beginning. There is a keen interest in the Club, and especially among the First Year Students. We have been fortunate in being able to borrow a number of foils and masks to supplement our own equipment. If members continue to learn at their present rate we will be able to form a team by the end of the Summer Term.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB

The Soccer Club has experienced a very successful Spring Term. After drawing our first match against R.N.A.S. at Lee we have won every match. After the Autumn Term's set-backs, in which the same team was never fielded twice, owing to injuries, we have managed to field the same team quite regularly. Bristol University sent us a weakened team which we managed to beat easily. We had a very good game with Reading University, beating them 6-3,



thus partly avenging our earlier defeat. The next two games were both narrow victories, the first one being against Taunton's School, who again gave us a lesson in tackling. The second, against Fort Southwick, was played under difficult conditions in the midst of a cloud. In the last home match of the season we had a fitting end by beating Portsmouth College 10-0. Cruickshank has again been outstanding this term and for the second time played for Southern Universities. The team has been very fortunate in having Alcock at the top of his form in goal after his injury last term—he has played really well. Outstanding in the defence have been Atkins and Pearce, although Thackeray, Hinch and Booker have all played consistently well. Wickens' form at outside-right has improved and he has played some first-class games, as has Spencer at centre-forward.

A Second Eleven has also been run and in some keen games they have won twice.

The Club is indebted to Mr. Thackeray, who has taken a great interest in the team and refereed all our home matches.

#### Results

##### FIRST ELEVEN

U.C.S. v. R.N.A.S., Lee	---	---	---	Drawn: 4-4
U.C.S. v. Bristol University	---	---	---	Won: 4-1
U.C.S. v. Reading University	---	---	---	Won: 6-3
U.C.S. v. Taunton's School	---	---	---	Won: 3-2
U.C.S. v. Fort Southwick	---	---	---	Won: 3-2
U.C.S. v. Portsmouth Municipal College	---	---	---	Won: 10-0

##### SECOND ELEVEN

U.C.S. v. Eastern Athletic	---	---	---	Lost: 1-3
U.C.S. v. Eastleigh County High School	---	---	---	Won: 3-2
U.C.S. v. Clarendon F.C.	---	---	---	Won: 4-3

We feel that Aubrey Riggs (Captain) is worthy of special mention on his steady and excellent play and his handling of a team which has had such a successful season.

#### MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Despite the fact that few games have been won this season, a high standard of team spirit has been maintained and in this respect the Club has had a successful season. In the only Inter-Varsity Match against Reading we were very unlucky, and although we lost 4-0 we can claim to have played much better than the score indicates. A return match with Taunton's School was lost 5-1. Here the speed of their forwards and the combination between them and their halves was a good example for the College to follow. In beating Samuel Whites, of Cowes, by 4-1, the team gave one of its finest performances.

Unfortunately, owing to troop movements and bad weather, some recent fixtures have been scratched, but we have two more before the end of the season.

Parsons has always been the best forward and has set a fine example in shooting hard first time. Winkles has played some good games on the left wing and he and Wight have become a good combination. Carpenter, who is to be congratulated on his being selected for Southern Universities, has defended and cleared very well. Pomeroy has played his usual good and strenuous games at centre-half. Turner has recently shown great improvement and should be very useful to the Club next season.

We thank the Women's Hockey Club for combining with us for Wednesday afternoon practices, which have been most enjoyable and beneficial.

#### WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

At the beginning of this season the Women's Hockey Club had no more than a dozen members, and our hopes of building a reliable team were not high. As the Christmas Term drew to a close there was despair amongst the officers and despondency amongst Club members. We were advised to retire with good grace. It would certainly have been the easiest way, but the Captain feared that if the Club were allowed to die this year, those who wished to play next session would find insuperable difficulty in resurrecting it. A meeting of all members was called and we decided to carry on if it were at all possible. We began this term with little hope of a good season but determined to keep the Club in existence, and in spite of inclement weather we have

had several enjoyable games. Though the list of scores is not encouraging, our play has not been obviously inferior to that of our opponents.

By the time this appears in print hints and suggestions for improving our play will be too late for this year, but we may take this opportunity of congratulating the defence on their steadiness and reliability and of suggesting that the forward line of next year be trained to seize its every opportunity and not to despair at the first set-back.

Our best wishes to the Women's Hockey Club of 1945-46.

## NETBALL CLUB

The difficulty of arranging fixtures and the inclemency of the weather have restricted the number of matches played by the Netball Club this term. The team was out-played by St. Anne's School and lost 4-14, but the match against Brockenhurst County School was keenly contested, as the score of 10-11 shows. The team has yet to play the National Fire Service and Reading University, and it is hoped that in these matches it will do credit to the Club whose enthusiasm is highly commendable. Attendance at practices has been good and these have been held whenever possible. The standard of play has therefore considerably improved since last term. The Club is eagerly awaiting an enjoyable season next session.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Since the last report of the Club's activities the First Fifteen has played some very good games, although the results have not been too encouraging. The First Fifteen managed to bring off a double victory over Bournemouth, and only lost to H.M.S. *St. Vincent* by small margins, the second game being exceptionally close. The return game with Reading was unfortunately lost after a half-time lead of 8 points to nil.

The three-quarters have definitely improved this term, their passing being exceptionally good. Their play has on occasions been spoilt by bad marking but they have usually been strong both in attack and defence. The forwards have given some really good performances, especially against superior packs, but they must learn to play as a pack rather than as eight forwards.

We offer our congratulations to Baker, Woolnough and Bowers, who have played in Southern Universities representative matches.

The Second Fifteen have not been quite so successful but some quite good games have been played. Having had no time for good practice matches, the players have not learnt to play together as a team. Since last term there has been marked improvement in defensive play, but the three-quarters still tend to pass while standing still. The forwards have been at a disadvantage being rather light, but at times have been superior in the loose.

The Club is indebted to the Rev. Rham for coaching and refereeing the matches. The keenness of all members has made this season quite successful.

### Results

#### FIRST FIFTEEN

R.F.C. v. Supermarine	..	..	..	Lost:	5-6
R.F.C. v. Bournemouth	..	..	..	Won:	15-0
R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>St. Vincent</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	0-6
R.F.C. v. Cunliffe-Owen Aircraft	..	..	..	Lost:	5-6
R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>St. Vincent</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	10-12
R.F.C. v. Bournemouth	..	..	..	Won:	23-0
R.F.C. v. Reading University	..	..	..	Lost:	8-14
R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>Raven</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	6-8
R.F.C. v. Thornycroft	..	..	..	Won:	37-0

#### SECOND FIFTEEN

R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>Squid II</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	0-28
R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>Mastodon</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	12-22
R.F.C. v. British Power Boats	..	..	..	Lost:	0-25
R.F.C. v. H.M.S. <i>Squid II</i>	..	..	..	Lost:	0-33
R.F.C. v. Newbury Grammar School	..	..	..	Lost:	3-22
R.F.C. v. British Power Boats	..	..	..	Lost:	0-21

## MEN'S RIFLE CLUB

The past term has seen a considerable reduction in the number of active supporters of the Club, as the attraction associated with a new activity has resolved itself into the more sober atmosphere of constant practice. This thinning out of our numbers has not altogether been a bad thing, as it has afforded the more enthusiastic members a better chance of success. Apart from these conditions the Spring Term is always an unfavourable one for activities such as outdoor shooting, and some practices have been cancelled owing to bad weather, but, nevertheless, the standard of shooting has steadily risen throughout the term.

Fixtures are difficult to arrange, as the only time available is Sunday morning, and it is felt that most members would not appreciate such an innovation. However, it is hoped to shoot against the W.R.C. and S.T. Corps before the conclusion of the term.

Thanks are due to the S.T. Corps for their co-operation in all matters concerning the Club.

## COLOURS

The following have been awarded their colours for the following games:—

### Association Football

FULL—K. R. Alcock, S.-E. Atkins, G. Cruickshank, R. Pearce, W. W. Hinch, A. F. Riggs.  
HALF—W. R. Spencer, A. Thackeray, A. Wickens.

### Rugby Football

FULL—W. Bettison, D. F. Bowers, G. F. Snook, B. E. Woolnough.  
HALF—D. E. Elkington, P. C. Kivell, J. E. Morgan, A. Rowden, G. J. Wilson.

### Hockey

FULL—R. C. Carpenter, D. A. Parsons, C. D. Pomeroy.  
HALF—D. Whight, J. G. Winkles.

### Cross-Country

FULL—N. S. Corney, M. Le Masurier, E. J. Strangeway.  
HALF—J. C. W. Woodeson.

### Netball

FULL—R. I. Alexander, J. Colborne, J. Holmes.  
HALF—M. E. Pitt.

### Women's Hockey

FULL—M. G. Adams, P. M. Bishop, V. Bendall.  
HALF—N. M. Hardy.

R. C. CARPENTER, *General Secretary, A.U.*

## OLD HARTLEYANS

RAYMOND TONG, L.A.C., M.E.F.

A. S. EVERITT, Chemical Department, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth.

MAUREEN O'CONNELL, A.T.S.

JOAN DEAVIN, teaching at Drayton Manor County School, Hanwell.

JOHN MOORES, R.A.F. Short Course, Southern Rhodesia.

JOHN HEYES, Lieutenant, R.E.

P. F. J. DART, 51st Highland Division, B.L.A.

D. J. CARPENTER, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Signals, Burma.

H. P. WHITE, Mullard Radio Valve Co., Bournemouth.

DAVID R. McCALL, Mullard Radio Valve Co., Bournemouth.

RONALD J. HUNT, Lieutenant, R.E.M.E.  
NANCY HERON, teaching at Henley-on-Thames.  
DAVE SAUNDERS, Flt. Lieutenant, S. Rhodesia.  
R. HAWDON, Captain, R.M., S.E.A.C.  
GEORGE EMERY, in Ceylon.  
JOHNNY BANKS, Signals, Ceylon.  
CHARLES CAMPBELL, Far East.  
KEN RUSSELL, Far East.  
PETE COLLINS, Syria.  
PETER GOODWIN-BAILEY, Fl. Officer, Bahamas.  
DENIS ANDREWS, Seaforth Highlanders, B.L.A.  
GEOFFREY EASTWELL, Lieutenant, 6th Rajputana Rifles, India.  
C. W. FOX, Royal Navy, Lyndhurst.  
KEITH WILKINS, R.A.F.  
TERRY CROOK, R.A.F.

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Magazine issued for Lent Term, 1945.





